

Good Morning \$79

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

MEET MISS BARGEE



Harold A. Albert introduces you

The class is rarely the same for more than a few hours. Lessons in the little grey barge in its backwater can't be given in the usual series. Yet the kids manage to learn. There are no dead-enders on the canals to-day.

And possibly the greatest wonder of all is the strenuousness of the life under which the barge girl manages to keep fit—through thunderstorms, through ice that has to be broken, through sunshine and fog and rain.

It used to take 14 days for a horse barge to reach Brum from London. To-day, with motor barges, the women have cut the run down to 48-hour time-tables. Still, there are horse-barges, and they NEED managing!

Jenny gets up at half-past four or earlier. The horse has to be harnessed, the brasswork around the chimney polished—you know how it is! The day's journey begins before breakfast, the rope neatly coiled, the horsehair tail which is still kept for luck dangles and slides through the water.

If ever you see the barge Spotty, take a second look at the horsehair tail. It looks like a frilly curtain. The girl who learned that there are now several hundred women on the canals. They mostly meet at Fenny Stratford. Some of them see sisters they haven't met for months.

Breakfast? At 7.30, and it smells good. Then there are two or three boxes of flowers to be carefully tended. Sometimes there is a small tunnel, with no tug standing by. The girls of the horse barges know how to negotiate this. They lie on their backs and blithely lever the craft with their feet.

So through the 16-hour day of managing the horse-barge women sometimes have to act the horse themselves—and getting through the locks, each with four heavy gates to open and shut.

Women are even negotiating the Anderton Lift at Northwich, a gigantic water lift over 100 feet high, which raises the barges out of a canal into the River Weaver up a sheer cliff face.

In the heart of Warwickshire fifty-one new double locks handle strings of barges all the forty miles from Ditchington to Birmingham. But you should hear the gals bless 'em!

"Once a bargee, always a bargee," used to be the motto of the canals. Some barge girls have already neatly married barge men, and three have had little barge babies.

On the other hand, Jenny Anderson's peace plans are way down the river. "Canals?" she says. "Count me out!"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



BIGGEST moment in the day of boys of Barrow Grammar School was the visit of officers and crew of a submarine on the official adoption day.

They were welcomed by the Head, Mr. S. M. Price, M.A., M.Ed., who said they had met to acknowledge the fine service their guests were rendering. "We hope that friendships will be formed this afternoon which we know will be happy and which we hope will last long," he concluded amidst applause.

Mr. W. Wheller, who has been largely responsible for the adoption scheme, first paid a tribute to Mr. J. H. Willis, Director of Education, for his enthusiastic support, and stated that this was the fourth school in Barrow to adopt a submarine—nowhere else in the country would they find a town with that record! They were proud on this occasion to have with them, as commander of the submarine, Lieut. H. W. Wilkinson, R.N., who was not only a Barrovian, but one who had received part of his education at the school.

HE then presented a White Ensign, promising also a copy of the ship's badge when it should be ready.

After the reading of the 121st Psalm by Rear-Admiral D. B. le Motte, R.N., the hymn, "Eternal Father," was sung. Chief E.R.A. W. G. Munden told the boys "How a submarine works," and A.B. F. Talamy, a gun-layer, recently decorated with the D.S.M. for gallantry in a recent action, gave some of his experiences.

A "Jolly Roger," a flag with the skull and crossbones worked in black and white by Miss Emerson, the headmaster's secretary, was presented by J. R. Unwin, the youngest scholar, who wished it would bring the ship good luck.

The singing of the school song ended the ceremony. Subsequently the crew went round the form rooms and chatted with the boys, tea in the school hall and a dance in the evening ending a most memorable day for the school and their much-impressed guests.

AFTER speaking of the splendid record the Submarine Service held in the Navy, Mr. Wheller said that on war patrol at sea for many days a boat only remained on the surface at night, and then no more than three of the crew were

ON account of crews changing, and because you might at some time get some leave, it's probable that when personal news for you appears in "Good Morning" you won't be there to read it. And although it will doubtless inter-

MONICA MARTIN used to work on a farm. Audrey Harper did odd jobs in her father's estate office. To-day they've got their inland sea legs. They're barge girls on the Grand Union Canal—just two of the women who are bringing a new deal in romance to the old romany waterways.

Sure, I said "new deal"—and meant it. On the Grand Union alone to-day between London and Brum over twenty pairs of boats are operated by women in regular service. One is an ex-head-mistress, though you might not think it to look at her natty slacks; others have come in from banks and hospitals—and some from the stage.

They've been "woman-trained," too, by a 41-year-old woman, who before the war had no knowledge of boats or how to handle them.

Ely Gayford knows her job. She gets her girls through in a three-weeks course, teaching them how to operate both horse-drawn and steam-driven craft.

Before she is through with them they even operate the locks themselves, and are equal to tricky items like the thirty-two locks that carry barges up to Tring Summit, 294 feet above the level of the Thames.

Just to be on the safe side, she takes them on a preliminary

nary trip, and then they're ready for team work in crews of three.

A novelty? Not to the old-timers. They remember a girl aboard the barge Oxygen in the last war, which used to run back and forth to France—and she got her medals just the same as the men. Maybe there are girls on the crossing this time, for women keep secrets. When London was being bombed, Mrs. Ann Mann acted

as barge-mate up and down the Thames, trimming the sails as her craft tacked up and down. Dodging the bombs merely meant a little extra tacking.

"Hard work, but it's fun—and there's a terrific camaraderie about it," said Audrey Harper, last time I met her down at the Grand Basin.

And it was with Jenny Anderson, chorus girl who became first a stage hand and then a bargee, that I set out not long ago with a load of foodstuff, a canary, a horse and a dog, on the Grand Junction Canal that winds its way almost unseen through the maze of London.

There were frilly curtains to the cabin windows, and I learned that there are now several hundred women on the canals. They mostly meet at Fenny Stratford. Some of them see sisters they haven't met for months.

Jenny told me she was attracted to the canals because she had an aunt on a barge. They're on the same route, but seldom meet, such is barge luck.

Transient is the word. There's a wayside bakery that bakes hot bread for the passing population, and somehow always manages to have the loaves crisp-new even nowadays.

There's a school in a barge for bargee children whose mothers work on the boats.



"Sure you had the things when you came in, sir?"

Tommy said "Afternoon" A.B. William Swan

BOTH your wife and mother were out when we called at 3, Claremont-street, Brighton, A.B. William Swan, but soon Mum came in from shopping and we got a picture with Dad and Tommy. Here it is.

Don't they both look fit and happy?

Tommy gave us a warm welcome, and when we said "Good Morning," to introduce ourselves, he said, "Good afternoon!" in his own way—though Dad said he was really asking for his dinner.

And here are some points we promised to mention:—

Bill Green wishes to be remembered to you. George Nichols of the "Albion Inn" sends you kind regards. The gramophone is still



going strong and Mum keeps the "Bing" records well dusted for you. Sorry we missed your wife. Perhaps we'll be lucky next time.



A cheerful outlook on the Forth.

allowed on the bridge. The rest had to remain in their quarters, and the games and books which schools provided, and, in fact, anything they could do for them, would be very gratefully received.

The Head Prefect, W. Nash, then presented Lieut. Wilkinson with a Bible, bought by the school, and the school crest, made by its craftsmen, accompanying the gifts with a little speech that was remarkable for its wit and eloquence.

In accepting the presents on behalf of his officers and men, Lieut. Wilkinson said that, as an "old boy," he was exceedingly proud to be there and to renew old acquaintances. Going on to tell of what happened in a submarine on patrol, he said that they had to be vigilant all the time, but life easily got monotonous, so that games and books would help them to wile away the time and keep them alert. When they lay submerged, unnecessary moving about and smoking were not allowed, so as to conserve oxygen. "So give us a thought when we are at sea," he asked. "Send these things—not a lot, but continuously."

est your shipmates, the home news and pictures which the staff get for you are meant for you personally.

So, when you've read the paper, wouldn't it be a good plan to put one copy per day aside to be filed?

After all, there are no pin-ups behind page one, and I hardly imagine you pin up the Brains Trust or the crossword, so what's to stop you? You don't need the paper for any other purpose—surely paper is issued for all purposes that require such material? Anyway, it's a bit rough.

APOLOGIES to four P.O.s. Sorry we didn't get around to a little more beer at P.O. King's wedding. But you know how it was, all the family were busy and excited, so George Nixon and I got some pictures and moved on.

Hope to make it up to you, though—and soon.

Ron Richards

They Work in the Rain

FRED KITCHEN'S note on Starlings

THE weather was too wet for ploughing, and Bill was busy carting off the sugar beet and turnips along the cart track across the cow pastures.

The starlings were busy, too, and despite the rain, kept probing away in the grass.

It's a noticeable thing with starlings how they stick to the pastures in wet weather, and follow the plough on fine days.

It may be because Bill isn't there when the fallows are wet. But wet or fine they must be out and about, for, being very active birds, they are also very hungry.

Even when it rained heavily they stuck it—until their feathers lost that bright lustre of purple, and they ran over the grass, a wretched bedraggled crew of dingy brown.

Seldom did they rise and wheel around, as in fine weather on the fallows.

They kept close to the ground, probing their long beaks under the roots of grass to extract whatever sustenance the sopping pastures had to offer—and then running a few yards forward to probe again. As for singing—the best they could do was to give a dismal squawk as though in complaint of the wretched weather.

It was the same with the rooks.

They, too, kept to the grass, or cawed dismally from the tree-tops.

A change came. The rain cleared up, and Bill left off carting. Not a starling was to be seen on the cow pasture, for they all went in

a body to follow Bill at the plough.

They wheeled and circled, along with their neighbours from the rookery, as though rain and wretchedness were things unknown.

Here was no need to probe and dig for the "mould-board" turned up food ready to hand—or rather beak—and all they need do was to follow Bill, and pick it up.

The rooks were more staid and sober than the starlings—having a larger cavity to fill—and attend to their grubbing rather than to aerial displays.

But the starlings cannot be kept down. They rise and fall in clouds, their now dried feathers shining a purple gloss as they plane earthwards in the clear dry air.

"Music while you work" is nothing new on the fallows, being as old as the plough itself.

And the starlings—whose idea of a god is a man called Bill, who releases grubs and wireworms for their special benefit—rise in a spiral cloud, sway this way and that for a moment, and then burst in a shower of birds over the tall ash tree.

A starling soloist is a horrible affair, but a choir of one hundred or so on an ash platform is a royal performance given exclusively for the humble ploughman.

And to the ploughman the starlings sang their hymn of thanksgiving, because the rains had passed, and the plough had returned to give them food.

THIS ABOUT TREES

HAVE you ever known a lane that was once bordered by tall trees and, while you were away, some men came with axes and saws and cut down the trees?

And, then, when you came back and turned into the lane again, how strange a feeling you had.

It reminded you queerly of the time you came on leave unexpectedly, and you opened your front door, and the house that should have been filled with the sounds of children playing, was quiet and still, and smelled a little damp.

And, then, for the first time, you realised, with a slight shock, how much you must have thought about those trees.

Not consciously thinking about them, but just allowing their shapes against the sky, and the noises they made when the wind blew, and the way the big raindrops fell in soft patters from their leaves in summer, to become a part of you.



Don't maul your Victim

DEREK RICHARDS gives

Some hints on Portrait

Photography

"PORTRAIT: a likeness of a person." The man who compiled my dictionary had no soul!

A man with a soul might have described a portrait, or rather a good portrait, as an artistic representation of a subject dramatically portraying an intended theme as well as the likeness and personality of the sitter.

The dictionary may, of course, be referring to those far too common snapshots which record with machine-like precision the bald contours of some creature's exterior.

You achieve so much more in your portraits if you really make an effort, but only by having excellent technique, balance and composition, correct modelling, lighting, background, a natural pose, and, above all, a knowledge of human nature.

Quite a tall order, and few portraits or portrait photographers are able to answer all the requirements.

But that should be your aim, for when you achieve such a standard you'll find deep satisfaction in being competent at one of the noblest arts of our time.

Of balance and composition, little will be added to the notes a few weeks back. To some, a detailed study is not necessary, as Nature provided the fortunate ones with the artistic eye, but to all and sundry a study of the works of master portrait painters and photographers is of infinite value.

Note in particular the lighting and modelling of the features, and how these great artists portray in two dimensions not only the features but the personality, the character, and the very thoughts of the model.

If you are keen on taking up serious portraiture, it is advisable to get a camera quite suited to the job. Some fine studies have been made with the cheapest box cameras, but such efforts are rare and most difficult to obtain.

An old-fashioned quarter-

plate camera fitted with an F/4.5 or F/6.3 5in. lens will be reasonable in price and ideal for the job. Reflex cameras are also most popular for this kind of work.

Backgrounds should be fairly plain, and it is often advisable to throw them well out of focus (with the lens suggested this will be easy).

Home lighting sets, employing half-watt bulbs, may be bought for a few shillings. They are portable, by no means unsightly, and highly efficient. Two such sets, used with one or more white card or plywood reflectors, will provide light for most normal portrait studies.

The addition of spot lights or overhead floods may be made if desired, and do widen your scope. A standard set-up for the average portrait is shown below.

Give ample exposure for all types of portraiture. Under-exposure is fatal, whilst as much as double the correct time will probably have no serious results.

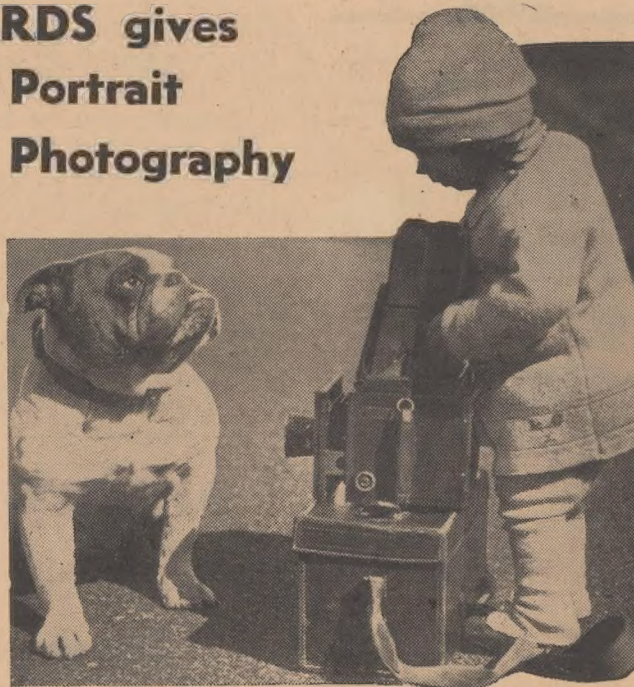
Beware of distortion, especially if using a short-focus lens. Don't get too close to your subject, and try to keep the whole of the figure in approximately the same plane.

Good profiles are rare, but when they are found they make excellent photographs. A viewpoint slightly above the height of the subject's head is often suitable for profiles, but don't try this with the large-nosed variety of sitter or results will be disastrous.

Don't fuss over your sitter. The photographer who mauls his victim into position, raising his chin, lowering it again, turning here, looking there, is out of date. (Not completely obsolete, unfortunately.)

Only a professional model can stand up to this treatment and still give a natural expression when you finally get around to exposing.

Set your subject at ease, and he will almost certainly assume a natural and desirable pose.



WORDS

... to fit the tunes you whistle when happy, not under the collar, or just bored. ...

KEEP A SUNBEAM IN YOUR POCKET.

Lyric by Noel Guest. Music by Manning Sherwin. From the Film "Bees in Paradise."

Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—The Cinephonic Music Co., Ltd., 100, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Now this old world has got its share of trouble, misery and care,

So why not try to play a happy role?

For though at times the weather's rough

You'll find the going's not so tough

If you can keep some sunshine in your soul.

But if this is the creed you're going to teach,

Buddy, you must practice what you preach.

Chorus.

Keep a sunbeam in your pocket. With a sunbeam in your pocket You can face the most depressing day.

If you haven't got a pocket Keep a sunbeam in your pocket, But be sure it doesn't fly away.

You may have schemed, you may have planned

On how much more the bank will stand,

Or how your Income Tax demand you'll pay.

So if you've got an empty pocket,

Keep a sunbeam in that pocket And spread a little sunshine ev'ry day.

HEY HO, IT'S LOVE AGAIN.

Lyric by Carl Yule. Music by Peter Hart.

Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—The Lawrence Wright Music Co., Ltd., Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, my heart is jumping,

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, my! hear it thumping,

I'm so very gay, it's a lovely day,

I've just got to sing this simple roundelay.

Chorus.

Hey ho, it's love again, I've got the urge to sing again,

My heart goes ding dong ding again,

Hey ho, it's love, hey ho, without a doubt,

Love gave me something to shout about,

It's got my heart on a roundabout,

Hey, ho, it's love.

I know the signs of love so well, I've been in love before,

I always knew that a boy (girl) Like you would come knocking at my door.

Hey ho, so gay again, Boy meets a girl and they dance again,

Youth takes a chance on romance again,

Hey ho, it's love.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co.

By Maude Nugent.

Within a charming cottage near the place that saw my birth, There dwells the sweetest little flow'r that ever grew on earth.

This flow'r is known as Rosie, 'tis her lovely Christian name, But had she any other name I'd love her just the same.

Chorus.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, My beautiful Rose, She's my little lady,

That ev'ryone knows; And when we are married,

How happy we'll be! I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,

And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

I never shall forget the day she promised to be mine,

As we sat telling love tales with a happiness divine,

Upon her finger then I placed a small engagement ring,

While in the trees the little birds this love song seem'd to sing.

Last of the Squadron

(Only one pilot is said to be left of an R.A.F. Squadron that took part in the Battle of Britain, and this one has been fighting ever since.)

Last of the Squadron now, I fly Alone, and lonely, through the sky. I saw them fighting to the end, And in each death I lost a friend.

In Britain, Europe, Middle East, Their bones are buried—yet, the least Of all that Squadron, only I Still roam the clouds and do not die!

Call it revenge or what you will, Where'er I fly, I fly to kill, And send the enemy, when found, Hurtling, like Lucifer, to ground.

For this I live. Above the clouds I've prayed for life, prayed long and loud; And asked the Guardian of Space, "Lord, give me strength and grant me grace."

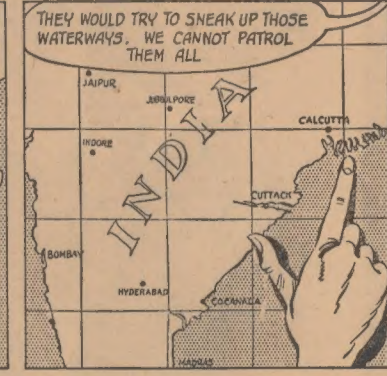
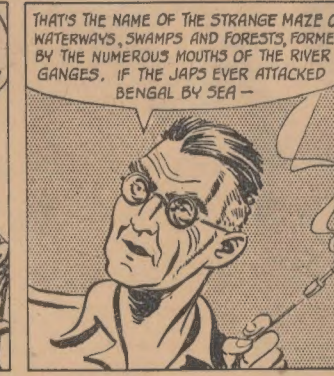
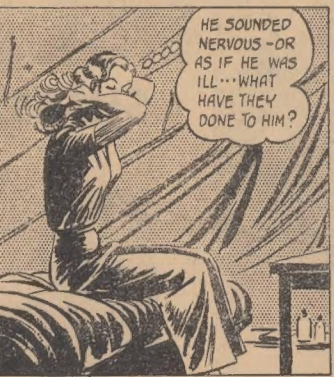
I am no hero, though I fly Where angels tread and God is nigh. And, when death comes, I'll say, "Why, then, The Squadron is full strength again!"

I think I know that I shall hear My Squadron leader's voice come clear. "We fought for Rightness, Sir," he'll say To the Great Pilot on that day!

STUART MARTIN.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THIS week I am reproducing a set of three stamps issued by Italy to commemorate the tercentenary of the death of Galileo, the celebrated scientist and astronomer, and a commemorative from Brazil which marks the unveiling of a monument to Baron do Rio Branco, a former foreign minister. The Galileo stamps show the master teaching at Padua University, and at Venice observing the heavens; the third is a portrait. They were issued many months ago, but copies have only just reached London.

I think they are worth showing even at this late date, partly for the excellence of design, but also because these short-lived and limited issues are popular with collectors of all types, and commemoratives produced during the war years are certain to be eagerly sought out after the war and high prices paid for them.

The Brazil commemorative (my copy is rather heavily postmarked) is typograph printed, the issue being 500,000 copies.

Brazil stands out in a continent given to abuse of stamp-issuing ethics as a country with a clean philatelic record. The interest shown in the country by serious collectors emphasises the truth of this, and though catalogue prices for the Brazil classic issues have risen little, if at all, during recent years, it has been virtually impossible to pick them up in the auction rooms of either America or Britain. The single, though outstanding, exception to this is the famous Brazil collection assembled by Colonel G. F. Napier, which came to the market last year following its owner's death.

In popularity, there is little to choose between the Penny Black of 1840 and the Bull's Eye issued by Brazil on July 1, 1843, which, fittingly enough, is also black.

Some obscurity still clouds the history of this issue. The Brazilian Consul in London is said to have suggested to his Government the adoption of Rowland Hill's system of postage prepayment, whose workings he had witnessed with much satisfaction.

His further suggestion that, following the British example, the Brazil stamp should show the head of the Emperor Dom Pedro, was turned down on the grounds that it would not be decent to deface the royal portrait with a postmark! The numeral type was accordingly substituted.

When the issues of 1866 to 1879 appeared, however, they carried the portrait of Dom Pedro II, the objection having in the meantime been overridden.

Judgment on the numerous commemoratives issued by Brazil in the past forty years varies considerably. The authority whose opinion might be supposed to carry most weight, Colonel Napier, regarded the prestige of the country to have "fallen somewhat in the matter of commemoratives."

Generally speaking, however, the designs are original and of a fair artistic standard. For this reason, and because many are simple stamps or short sets and surprisingly cheap, the Brazilian commemoratives are popular among modest collectors.

The first to be issued appeared on January 1, 1900, in honour of the quidricentenary of the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese navigator, Pedro Alvarez Cabral. Six years later a second commemorative issue of two values was printed to mark the third Pan-American Congress at Rio.

Commemoratives such as the Christ of Mount Corcovado, in honour of the Cardinal Pacelli's visit, and the well-known "music stamp" for Carlos Gomes, are in every sense worthy of a country which has been issuing postage stamps for a hundred years.

To anyone looking for a not-too-expensive country in which to specialise, I would unhesitatingly say: Try Brazil.



Good Morning

Home Town Pictures

MANCHESTER

"Ee, lass, theare's a bit of a swell on in these 'ere Platt Fields, so Ah'll take thee into convoy." And a nice craft, too.



SUSSEX

R. W. Rich makes about 4,000 hay-rakes every year at East Hoathly, and Land-girl Eva Gravett is a pretty good judge of rakes, too!



WATFORD Two submariners adorn a Queen — Miss Elinor Brown, the Holidays-at-Home Queen. The seamen were given the job of dressing her. Isn't it natural to kneel before a Queen? Oh, Raleigh, really!



BUCKS Among the giant sunflowers at Chenies this Bud is nipping the sunflower buds so that oil may be obtained. She lives by pinching. Call her a Nippy, if you like!



NEWCASTLE She's a steel woman, is Mrs. Annie Kelly, and you ought to meet her. You owe her something, for she bores crankshafts for submarines.



SUFFOLK

He's in the money, is Brutus, which is the name of this thoughtful St. Bernard. He is the official collector for the Red Cross of the Eastern Counties, and he takes his mistress, Judy Eaton, with him on his rounds.